

DELL

NO. 195

ALL BRAND-NEW STORIES

10¢

KING of the Royal Mounted



TROUBLE AT
AVALANCHE PASS

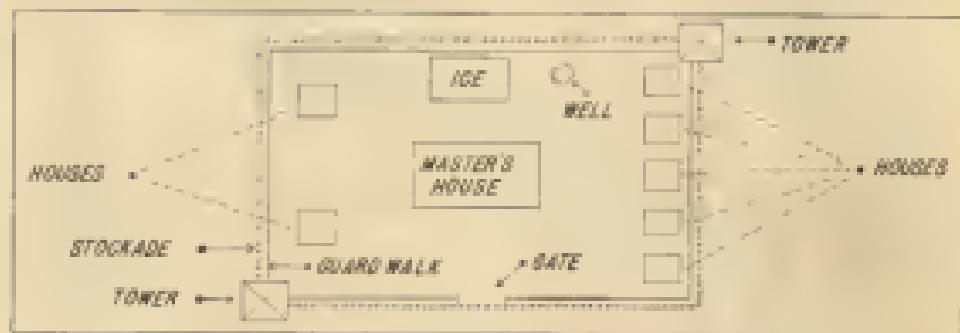
CUMBERLAND HOUSE



IN THE YEAR 1774, SAMUEL HEARNE CHOSE THE SITE OF CUMBERLAND HOUSE ON THE SASKATCHEWAN WHERE GREAT WATER ROUTES MET.



IT WAS DESIGNED TO BE A FAMOUS HUSSON'S BAY TRADING POST, THE FIRST ONE NEVER TO BE ABANDONED AS A WHITE MAN'S RESIDENCE.



THE GROUND PLAN OF SUCH A HUSSON'S BAY TRADING POST LOOKED LIKE THIS.
IT WAS A FORT, A STORE AND A RESIDENCE.



YORK BOATS LIKE THIS ONE BROUGHT THIRTY TONS OF PEMMICKAN TO CUMBERLAND HOUSE EACH YEAR TO FEED THE FUR BRIDGES.



THE PEMMICKAN, WHICH WAS DRIED BUFFALO MEAT, WAS GROUND AND MIXED WITH TALLOW, IN NINETY POUND SACKS STORED IN THE FORT.

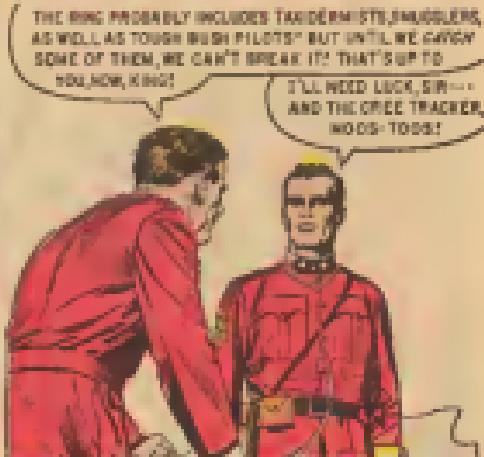
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JUST BACK FROM PATROL, ERIC FINDS THE INSPECTOR WAITING IMPATIENTLY FOR HIM

KING of the Royal Mounted

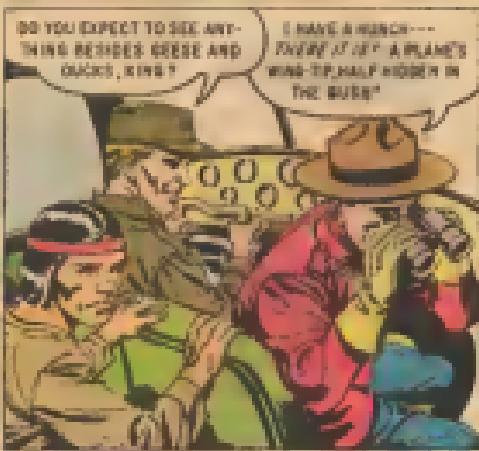
THE VANISHING HERD



LATE TWO FOLLOWING DAY, KING & PLANE WINGS OVER THE BORDER OF THE ENORMOUS PARK.



LARSEN, FLY OVER THAT CHAIN OF LITTLE LAKES! THERE'S A CHANCE WE MIGHT SPOT SOME THINGS!



DO YOU EXPECT TO SEE ANYTHING BEYOND BEARS AND DUCKS, KING?

I HAVE A HUNCH---
THERE'S AT LEAST A PLANE'S
WING-TIP, HALF HIDDEN IN
THE BUSHES!

A TALL, NORTHERN SPRUCE SLANTS ACROSS A NARROW COVE JENDING THE SMALL FLOAT PLANE FROM ALL BUT THE SHARPEST ANGLES.



SET US DOWN ON THE NEXT LAKE, LARSEN! WOODS-TOOB AND I WILL WALK BACK!

ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT! IT LOOKS AS IF YOUR HUNCH WILL PAY OFF!



I'LL PUT YOU AS CLOSE TO LAND AS I CAN, SERGEANT!

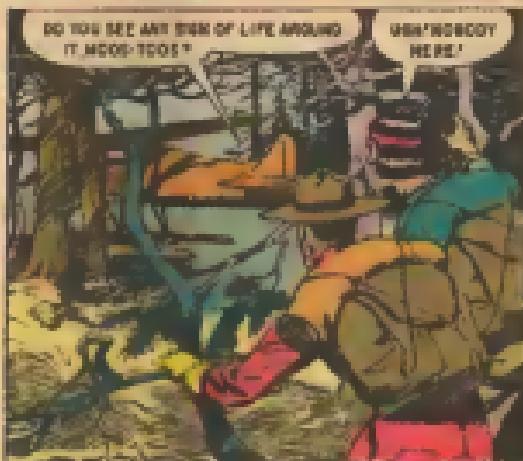


WAIT THREE HOURS, LARSEN! IF
WE'RE NOT BACK THEN, TAKE OFF
--- FIVE OR SIX WEEKS AT
PARK HEADQUARTERS!

GEAR,
SERGEANT? LUCKY

AN HOUR LATER--

THERE'S THE LAKE WHERE I SPOTTED
THE PLANE. MOOR-DOOD! THE COW IS A
LITTLE FARAWAY ON



NOTHOBODY
HERE!



WE'LL TAKE TRAILERS
--- I'M OUT WHO SHOOTIN?

IS A MOMENT? I HAVE
ANOTHER HUNCH, MOSS-
TOOF?

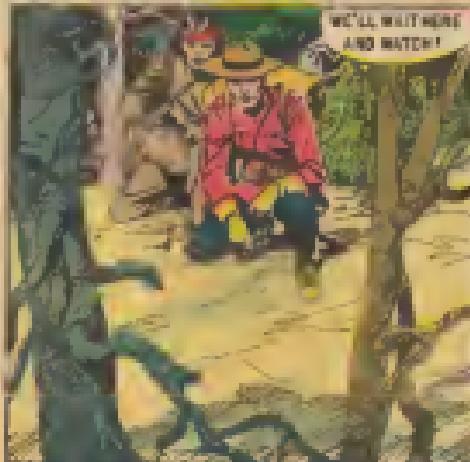


ALL RIGHT, MOSS-TOOF?
WE'LL TRACK THEM
NOW!

YOU PLAT
GOOD TREE---NO
TAKE CHANCES?

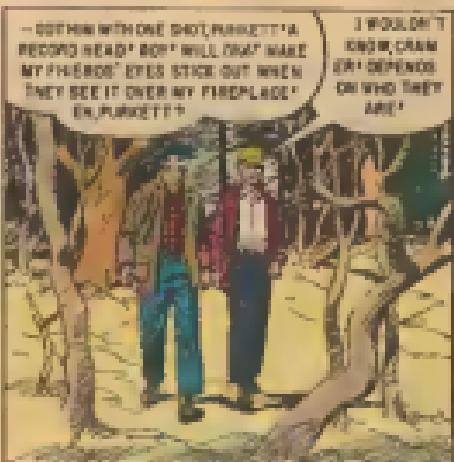


WE'LL WAIT HERE
AND WATCH!



--- GOTTIN WITH ONE SHOT, PARKETT? A
RECORD READIN' BOY! WILL THAT MAKE
MY FIBROS' EYES STICK OUT WHEN
THEY SEE IT OVER MY FIREPLACE?
EX-PARKETT?

I WOULDN'T
KNOW, CRAM
ER! IT DEPENDS
ON WHO THEY
ARE!



LOOK, PURRNETT! WHY CAN'T WE
GO BACK AND GET THAT BUFFALO'S
HEAD AND--INSTEAD OF FOOLING
AROUND UNTIL DARK? THERE'S NO
BODY ELSE IN MILES.

MAYBE SO---AND
MAYBE AN INDIAN
HUNTER WOULD
SPOT US AND
REPORT TO THE
NEAREST WARDEN.
TOO DANGEROUS!

WE'LL WAIT AT THE PLANE TILL DARK---AND
THAT'S THAT, CRAMER! COME ON! IT'S FOOL NECK,
TOO---IF WE'RE CAUGHT!



WE HAVE PLenty, but
WE TAKE ON MORE! WE
NEED BETTER EVIDENCE

WHEN THEY COME TO TAKE
THE HEAD! THEY WERE SPEAKING
OF---WE'LL CATCH THEM RED-
HANDED!

HERE TRACKS PLAIN
LIKE ROAD; THE MAN'S
FOOTPRINT!



THERE! IT'S CRAMER'S KILL! WE'LL PAve
A LOOK AT IT!

BRAIN SHOT! BULL DEAD
BEFORE WE FALL!

SHOOTING PARK BUFFALO
IS LIKE SHOOTING CATTLE
---BUT SPORTS LIKE CRAMER
WILL PAY BIG MONEY TO DO IT,
AND BREAK THE LAW!



WE'LL HAVE A FEW HOURS TO WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW BEFORE OUR FOUCHEES COME BACK. THIS SPRUCE BLUFF WILL MAKE A GOOD BLIND TO WATCH FROM.



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP FOUCHEES--CATCH ONE OF THE LEADERS WHO WILL CONFESS TO SAVE HIMSELF A FEW YEARS IN PRISON----THEN ARREST THE KING LEADERSHIP! TONIGHT MAY BE OUR BREAK!



FROM A DISTANCE, THE HUMMING FORMS OF TWO GRIZZLY BEARS ARE SUGGESTED STANDING THERE--BUT THEIR MOTIONS ARE DIFFERENT.



THIS PARK PRETTY SO BIG THAT THEY'D HAVE TO KEEP PLANES IN THE AIR ALL THE TIME TO PATROL IT! EVEN THEN, FOUCHEES MIGHT TAKE A CHANCE!



JUST AFTER NOON WE

LOLLOJOS-TODD---OVER NEAR THE BILLY BOB DID THESE TWO GET SO CLOSE TO US?

RIGHT YOU LOOK AGAIN! THEY NOT MOVE LIKE THIS?



HOW MUCH COULD THESE BEARS EAT?

YES, CRANE RANDIE SUGGESTED THEY'LL SET A SURPRISE, IF THOSE BEARS ARE REALLY HUNGRY!



THE BEARS TOO HAVE CAUGHT THE SOUND OF VOICE--



BUT THE SAME BREEZE WHICH CARRIED THE HUNTER'S VOICE TO THE BEARS, CARRIED THE BEAR'S NIGHT SCENT TO A HERD OF TWO BUFFALO ABRORE THE PLAINS. THE LEADER SNORTS, RECKLESSLY IN ANGER.



THE LOW RUMBLE OF MARY WOOF BARKS THE BEARS! THEY STOP TO CONSIDER A SAFE DIRECTION--



IT IS ALWAYS HARD TO TELL WHAT A BEAR IS GOING TO DO. THESE MONSTERS CHOOSE TO MOVE QUIETLY AWAY!



--AND HEARS FOR THE HADED SCENT WITH HIS HEAD AFTER HIM.



BEAR!
STOP-- YOU KNOW HEAD!
FARMER!



"BAY-A-BELLY, THE BIGGEST GRIZZLY BITES AT THE ROUND..."

"...AND CHARGES!"

"OOF!!"



"YOU'VE DONE IT NOW, CRANNER! SHOOT STRAIGHT NOW!"



"THE FOOL! - SHOOTING AT GRIZZLY AFTER
HARRY'S..."



"BUFFALO STAMPEDE!
CAN'T STOP 'EM!"

"RIGHT MOOS-TOOR!
THEY SMELLED
THE BEARS!"





WITHOUT A PAUSE, THE CRAZED BEASTS STAMPDED ACROSS THE LITTLE
PRAIRIE.



— AS THE MOON IS BLOCKED OUT BY A WIND-DRIVEN CLOUD.



MUCH DARK BROWN BUFFALO
BULL OVER THERE--I THINK'

THERE'S NO HURRY NOW!
WE'LL WAIT FOR THE MOON
TO COME OUT AGAIN,
WOOD-TOOF!



NO MONTHS LATER---(A BRIGHT MOON, LENT---

THESE---NO, THAT'S ONE
OF THE HEROES---DEAD?

MORE POACHERS
LYING UNDER
HEAP?



HEY SURE! HOW THEY
GET AWAY WITH IT?

THEY SHUN'T, WOOD-TOOF?
THEY MUST HAVE CROWDED
DOWN BEHIND THE DEAD BULL---AND
THE HERO SPLUT? WE COULDN'T SEE
THAT FROM WHERE WE STOOD!



MY DREAM IS THAT WHEN THE BABY'S WEDDING,
CRAMER PANICKED AND RAN FOR THE PLANE---WITH
FURKETT AFTER HIM! HE'D BETTER HIDE ON THE
OTHER SIDE AND WAIT FOR THEM!



AFTER THIRTY MINUTES---

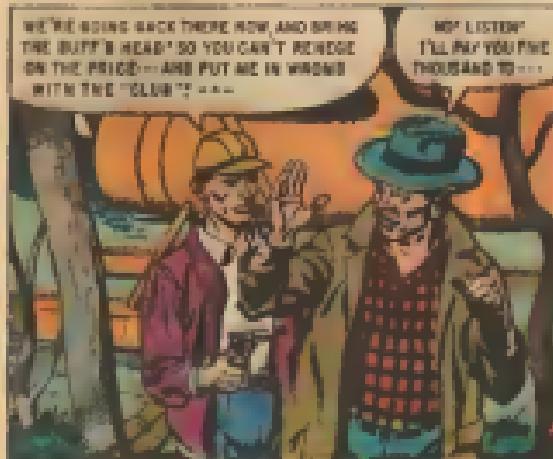
IT'S SO USELESS TO LINGER,
WOOD-TOOF! EITHER THOSE POACHERS
SHU'D UP---OR CRAMER IS STILL IN A
BLUE FURRY!

WHY NOT
TAKE 'EM OFF
IN PLANE?



THEY AIN'T TAKE OFF---WITHOUT THE TROPHY HEAD
---BUT I COULD IT! THERE'S A HERDSTY TO BE NUMBERED
---MAYBE TWO OF THEM!





PURKETT'S REACTION IS LIKE A WILDCAT'S! A WRENCH
GLEAMS IN HIS LEFT HAND



WITH A FOOT, THE POACHER REACHES OUT TO
TRIP KING...



--- AND THE TWO DOWN WITH A JARRING THUD!



AND THE POACHER'S WRENCH THUDDS INTO
KING'S FOREARM



--- SPILLING KING'S GRIP TWISTING AWAY LIKE AN OIL...
PURKETT DIVES INTO THE
WATER



IT'S TOO DARK TO SHOOT I'VE GOT
TO CATCH HIM--





YOU'RE JUST QUOTING ME? IF THAT ENGINE HAD STARTED ---

IT COULDN'T START,
PURKETT!



I REMOVED THIS VITAL PART WHEN I FIRST POUNDED YOUR PLANE! NOW, GET BACK IN AND WE'LL ALL TAKE OFF!



A WEEK LATER, AT DETACHMENT HEADQUARTERS ---

SERGEANT KING REPORTING.
SR --- WITH WOODS-TODD!

COME IN, BOTH OF YOU!
I HAVE GOOD NEWS!



WE FLEW PURKETT TO THE HOSPITAL
WHERE THE WOUNDED GAME WARDEN
IDENTIFIED HIM AS THE MAN WHO HAD
SHOT HIM! AFTER THAT, PURKETT
TALKED ...

ABOUT THE
POACHING
RING, OR
CLUE-SUP?



YES --- ABOUT THE "CLUE":
WE HAVE ARRESTED THE
RING LEADERS! THEY
AND THE SPORTSMAN
CRIMINAL ARE FACING
TRAIL! ---



AND I BELIEVE WE'LL HAVE NO MORE
PARK BUFFALO KILLED ILLEGALLY FOR
A LONG TIME --- THANKS TO YOUR GOOD
WORK, DESERTER-SERGEANT ---

THANK YOU,
SERF!

RIGHT!



the Helping HAND

The spring thaw had come and gone and though Summer was almost at hand, the Canadian morning air was still brisk and cold.

Bruce Larkin stood before the wood-burning stove and tossed another piece of kindling into the fire. He slammed the iron door shut with a clang. "It's no use," he said as he straightened up. "We've tried, but we're beaten. We might as well face it."

"We will when the time comes, only I don't believe we're beaten—not yet anyway!" The words were spoken by Bruce's pretty wife, Jane. She came over to where he stood and placed her hands on his shoulders. "You're a first rate doctor," she said quietly, "but in these northern territories, acceptance comes slowly. You knew that when you decided to take over Doctor Grayson's practice."

He nodded his head in silent agreement. It was true all right. He knew it wouldn't be easy, but it was this very challenge that made him accept. Only that was five months back, and he had made no headway since. The neighbouring trappers and lumberjacks were polite, but they kept a cool distance. And what he knew all too well, deep down inside, was that until he could win their trust and confidence he could never really be their doctor.

He took her hands gently in his. "We all make mistakes," he said. "Mine was coming north. Anyway, I've made arrangements. We'll be leaving at the end of the month."

He could hear Jane's gasp of surprise, but before she could speak the cabin door shook beneath heavy blows and a voice cried out.

The caller was Jake Le Mieux. Breathless and flushed, he blurted out the news.

A trapper's young son had slipped and fallen while playing with some friends along Pine's Ridge. A projection of shelf-rock some distance below had broken the fall, but the boy was badly hurt.

Bruce Larkin stopped only long enough to snatch up his medical bag and hat, then they were out the door.

A rescue party had already gathered when Larkin arrived on the scene. Peering over the edge, he could see the boy sprawled out on the ledge below. His practiced eye missed nothing. The right leg formed an awkward, unnatural angle. It was definitely broken.

Some of the rescuers had now rigged up a crude rope sling and one of the men was about to be lowered. "Hold it," Larkin cried out. "He can't be moved in his condition, at least not until I get to him!"

They didn't argue, but did as they were told. Minutes later, while the men above slowly lowered the sling, Doctor Bruce Larkin reached the boy's side. He worked swiftly, and by the time the splints were in place the boy had regained consciousness. Fortunately, a quick examination showed no further damage than the leg. Carefully placing the lad in the sling, he gave the signal to haul away.

When Bruce himself was hauled up, the men stood back respectfully. One of them held Bruce's hat, another picked up his bag. "You took your chances in that sling," said Jake Le Mieux. "It's not the sort of thing we'd expect from an outsider."

"I was thinking of the boy," Bruce said simply.

Suddenly they were surrounding him, pumping his hand and pounding him on the back. They didn't have to say it. He could see it in their eyes, the confidence and trust he had all but given up hope of ever gaining.

He didn't have to tell Jane when he got back to the cabin. She could read it in his eyes and smile.

"Then we're not leaving?" she whispered.

"Of course not," said Bruce. "I'm their doctor. This is where I belong."

TRUE NORTHERN ADVENTURES

THE LAST OF HER TRIBE

DEEP IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES IN ABOUT 1840 THE SNAKE AND ASSINIBOIN TRIBES AGREED TO TALK PEACE WITH EACH OTHER. THE PLACE WAS TO BE THE ASSINIBOIN CAMP.



AT THE TIME AGREED UPON, ALL THE MEN OF THE SNAKE TRIBE ARRIVED. AS THEY HAD AGREED, THEY BROUGHT NO WEAPONS.



THE ASSINIBOINS WERE WAITING IN A SOLID CIRCLE AROUND THE CAMPFIRE --- A CIRCLE WHICH OFFERED TO容ST THE INTRUDERS. SOLDIERS OR OTHER WEARING WERE TO BE SEEN.



WHEN THE SNAKE'S WERE ALL SEATED A SIGNAL WAS GIVEN --- AND RIFLES, SNATCHED FROM UNDER THE ASSINIBOIN'S BLANKETS, MOVED DOWN EVERY SNAKE WARRIOR.



AFTER THE MURDER OF THE SHARK FIGHTING MEN, THE ASSASSINS SET OFF FOR THE SPARSEST VILLAGE WITH MORE KILLINGS IN MIND



-- WHERE THEY WENT BACK TO THE ASSASSIN CAMP ON LAC DU SILE.



MOLLERDSE, KNOWING THAT THE GIRLS WOULD BE GOOMED TO A SHORT LIFE AND A SUFFERING, CUT THEIR BORDER -- AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE.



SURROUNDING THE PLACE, THEY WIPED OUT EVERY LIVING THING, EXCEPT THREE E Young WOMEN --



-- AND THERE THEY WERE LEFT IN A TEEPEE, BOUND HAND AND FOOT! THEY HAD ONE VISITOR -- A FRENCH-INDIAN CALLED MOLLERDSE!



HE GAVE THEM ALL HE HAD BEEN ABLE TO BRING INTO THE TEEPEE -- HIS KNIFE, A LITTLE BAG WITH FLINT AND STEEL, AND KINDLING -- FOR LIGHTING FIRES.



THE THREE GIRLS HAD NO HOME — NO FAMILY TO RETURN TO; THEIR ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO GET AS FAR AWAY AS THEY COULD



REACHING THE BAPTISTE RIVER WHERE IT JOINS THE ATHABASCA, THEY MADE A FRAIL RAFT OF DRIFTWOOD, LACED WITH MYTHES AND BARK. TWO OF THE GIRLS WERE DETERMINED TO CROSS



— BUT THE THIRD, WHOM WE MAY CALL PA-PAH-KLOR LITTLE BIRD, REFUSED FOR SOME REASON. THEY DIVIDED THEIR POSSESSIONS, PA-PASHI TAKING ONLY THE RAFT.

PA-PASHI NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN AFTER THEY CROSSED THE RIVER — NOR DID ANYBODY ELSE, SO FAR AS IS KNOWN



THE LONE GIRL TRAVELED UP THE SMALLER RIVER TOWARD WHAT LOOKED LIKE BOG-HUNTING GROUNDS. SHE LIVED ON BIRDS. 1



— AND ON SUCH SMALL GAME AS SHE COULD TAKE WITH WEAPONS SHE MADE HERSELF! SHE OBTAINED THE BONES FROM SQUIRREL, TALES AND JOINED THESE TO MAKE RABBIT SHAPES



PAPASOU KNEW THAT SHE MUST SPEND THE SUMMER STORED
ENOUGH FOOD FOR THE BITTER WINTER MONTHS. SHE WOULD
WEAR CLOTHES FROM RABBIT SKINS AND SMOKED MEAT
TO STORE MEAT.



THAT FALL AN INDIAN IN A STAR-HUNTING TRIP PROBED
USUAL TERRITORY, FOUND THE TRACKS OF PAPASOU'S
HOMEMADE "SNOWSHOES" AND THOUGHT FAIRLY OF
FOREST FRIENDS OR "WITCHES."



THE FOLLOWING SUMMER, THAT SAME HUNTER CAME BACK TO
LEARN OF THE BAKER OF THE "WEEPS." TRACKS STILL WAS
ABSENT. HE FOUND PAPASOU'S CAVE AND A FIRE BURNING.



WHEN SHE TRIED TO ESCAPE, THE WICKED ONE PULLED DOWN --
RE ALIVE! THAT LONELINESS AND PAINFUL MEMORIES HAD
BARELY TURNED HER MIND.



HE WAITED UNTIL SHE RETURNED -- AND RECOGNIZED
HER FOR ONE OF THE GIRLS WHO HAD ESCAPED THE
ADDAMON. HE IS AFRAID, BUT PAPASOU, AT SIGHT OF
A STRANGE INTRUDER, WAS TRIFLED.



GENTLY HE SOOTHED HER AND LED HER BACK TO HIS
WIFE AND FAMILY. HER DAY DRINGS WERE OVER.
LATER SHE MARRIED AND GREW THE COMFORT OF
MAKING HER OWN HOME.

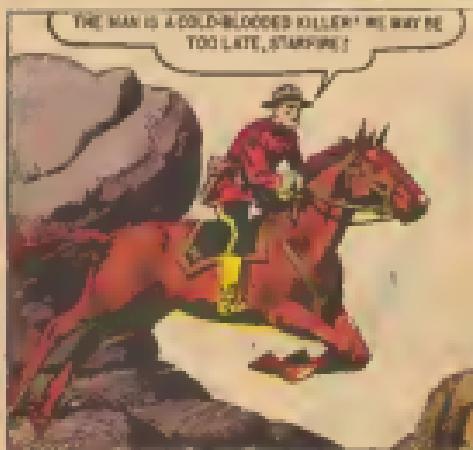
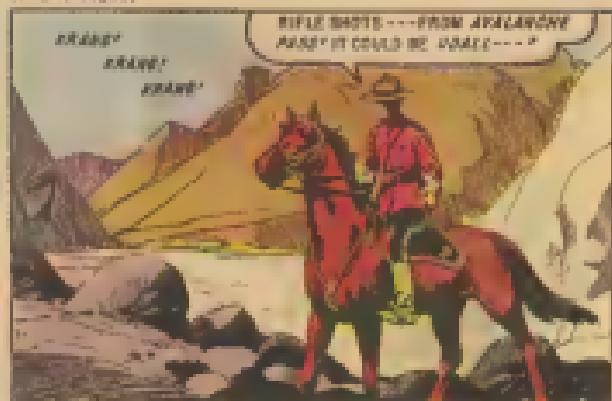


NOT ON THE TRAIL OF A ROBBER NAMED USHAK, SERGEANT KING MAKES A
SHREWDED GUESS.

KING

of the
Royal Mounted

TRouble AT AVALANCHE PASS



FAR BELOW THE CLIFF TRAIL -- IN A NEST OF ROCKS --

I KNOW YOU TWO HAVE
GOLD AND SILVER IN YOUR PACKS!
THROW THEM DOWN -- ALONG
WITH YOUR GUNS -- OR I'LL
START ANOTHER BLAZE
BEHIND YOU!



JIM! DON'T LOOK NOW --
BUT THERE'S A MOUNTAIN
JUST COMING INTO THE PASS!

GRAY, BILL --- LET'S
STALL THAT ROBBERS
OFF!



LISTEN, YOU TWO-LLEGGED CARDIAC! IF YOU
THINK WE HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT --- COME
AND GET IT --- WITH A DOSE OF LEAD!



THE ROCK MURLED BY GRAY STRIKES HIGH ON
THE SLOPE OF LOOSE ROCK --

-- THE SHOCK STARTS A SLIDE THIRTY FEET WIDE, WHICH GATHERS
MASS AND SPEED.



WHUMP!



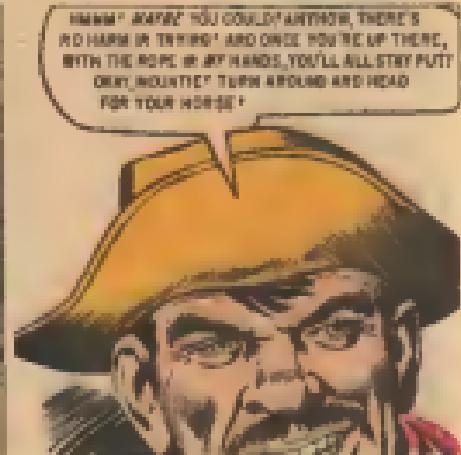


---AND ALMOST SUCCEEDS!



LISTER, MOUNTIE! I'VE GOT YOU AND THOSE TWO DUMB PROSPECTORS RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU! I'M OUT OF YOUR PISTOL'S RANGE --- AND THEY CAN'T BE ON THAT LEVEE UP THERE! SO YOU DO WHAT I TELL YOU! ---

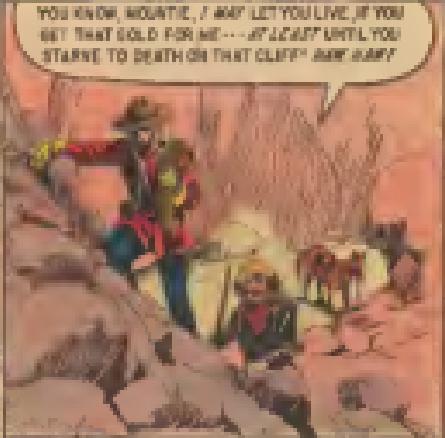




"NO TRICKS, HOW MOUNTIE! NOBODY EVER OUTSMARTED
WOLF DOALL, AND LIVED TO TELL OF IT!"

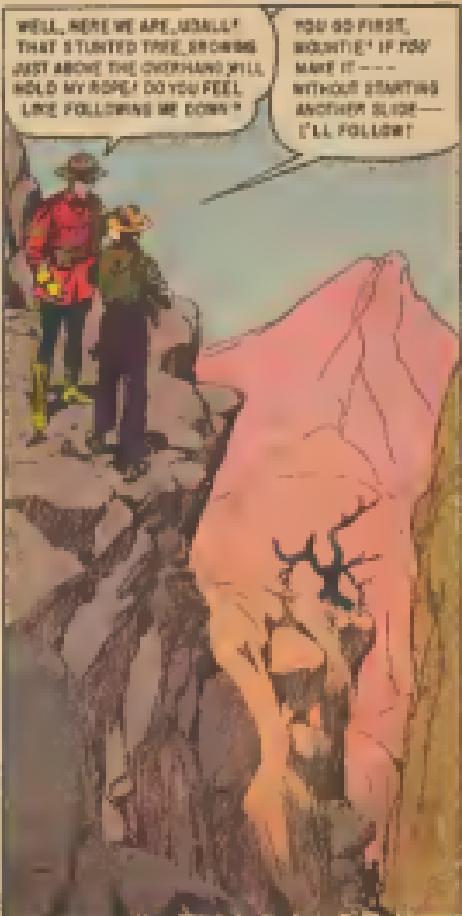


"YOU KNOW, MOUNTIE, I MAY LET YOU LIVE, IF YOU
GET THAT GOLD FOR ME---AT LEAST UNTIL YOU
STARE TO DEATH ON THAT CLIFF! AND THEN---"



"WELL, HERE WE ARE, USUALLY
THAT STUNTED TREE GROWING
JUST ABOVE THE CHUTEHAN WILL
HOLD MY ROPE! DO YOU FEEL
LIKE FOLLOWING ME DOWN?"

"YOU GO FIRST,
MOUNTIE! IF YOU
MAKE IT ----
WITHOUT STARTING
ANOTHER GUIDE
I'LL FOLLOW!"



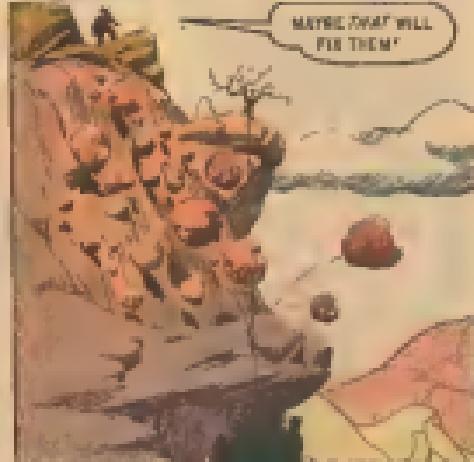
"YOU'RE PLUMB CRAZY, MOUNTIE! THE WHOLE
THING IS GOING TO LET LOOSE! BUT IT'S YOUR
FUNERAL!"

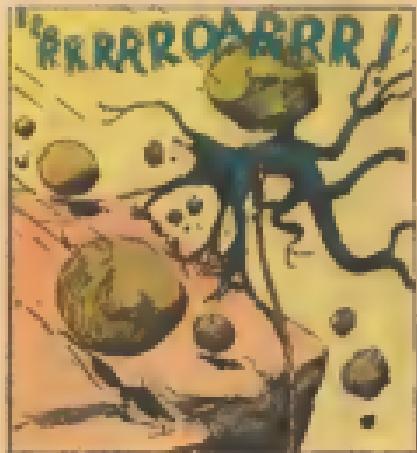


"COMING, USUALLY SOME
WOODY'S GOT TO PULL
UP THE GOLD!"

"THAT WILL BE MY JOB
GO DOWN AND PERSUADE
THOSE OLD BOATS ----!"







CRASH
BUM
BUM

LET 'EM KEEP THEIR GOLD --- AND DIE SLOWLY!!!
IF THEY'RE STILL ALIVE ON THAT LEDGE I'LL HAVE
THE MOUNTIE'S HORSE, ANY WAY!!!



LOL! WE CAN MAKE A WALL WITH
THOSE ROCKS--- SO IF THAT KILLER
TRIES TO SHOOT US FROM BELOW---

GOOD IDEA!
BUT FIRST I'LL
MAKE SURE HE
DON'T EATON
MY HORSE!



PROMPTED BY COWBOY KING'S COOKO SIGNAL, HE STRUCK AWAY
TO THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS.

—AND GATHERS THE DROPPED REINS
IN HIS TEETH

BREELING ABOUT, HE GALLOPS OUT OF SIGHT---LIKE A WILD
HORSE WHO HAS SCENTED DANGER



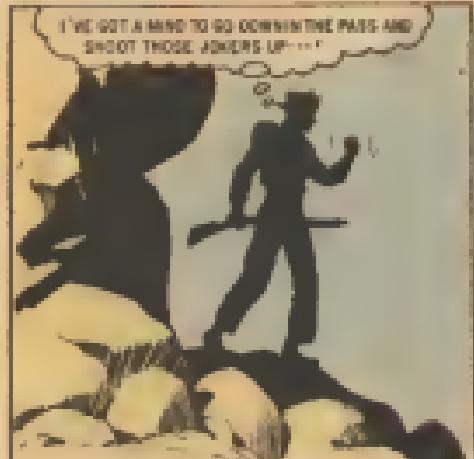
IN A BURST OF RAGE, WOLF UDALL EMPTIES HIS RIFLE



BUT THE DISTANCE IS TOO GREAT---AND UDALL'S AIM
IS SPOTTED BY ANGER! NOT A BULLET FINDS HIS TARGET!



I'VE GOT A MIND TO GO DOWN THE PASS AND
SHOOT THOSE JOKERS UP---



---BUT THAT WOULDN'T GET ME THE GOLD---
THE STUBBORN OLD FOOL, B--- AND THEY MIGHT HIT
ME WITH A LUCKY SHOT! I'LL LEAVE THEM TO STARVE
---AND THAT WILL COVER MY TRAIL GRAY!



WE WOULD HAVE A BETTER CHANCE
DOWN THERE AMONG THE LARGER
ROCKS THAN -- IF YOU'LL WANT A
BUN FIGHT!

HOW DO YOU MEAN, KNOX?
WE'D BREAK OUR RECORDS
BEFORE WE SET DOWN
THERE!

NOT IF WE MADE A HOPE OF GETTING
OUT OF HERE -- !



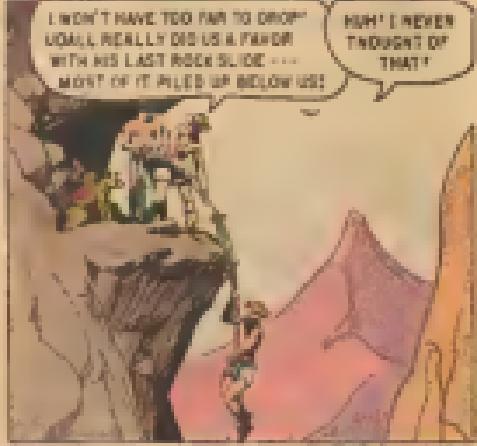
I'LL LOWER YOU MEN
DOWN FIRST -- THEN THE
DAM...

AND WHO WILL LOWER
YOU, SERGEANT? WE'LL
NEED YOUR STRENGTH!



I WON'T HAVE TOO FAR TO DROP"
YOU'LL REALLY DIS US A FAVOR
WITH HIS LAST ROCK SLIDE --
MOST OF IT PILED UP BELOW US!

HMM! I NEVER
THOUGHT OF
THAT!

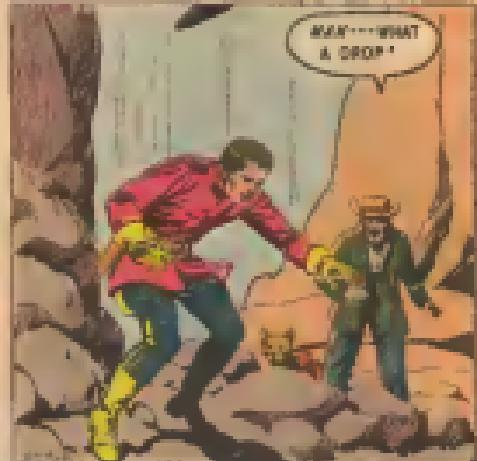


ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT! WE'VE MOVED
THE BIGGEST ROCKS OUT OF
YOUR WAY -- !

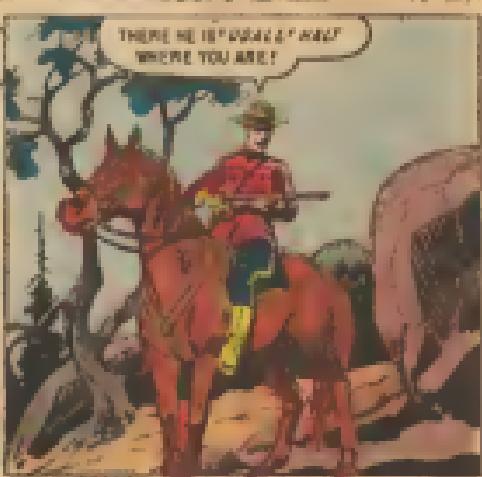
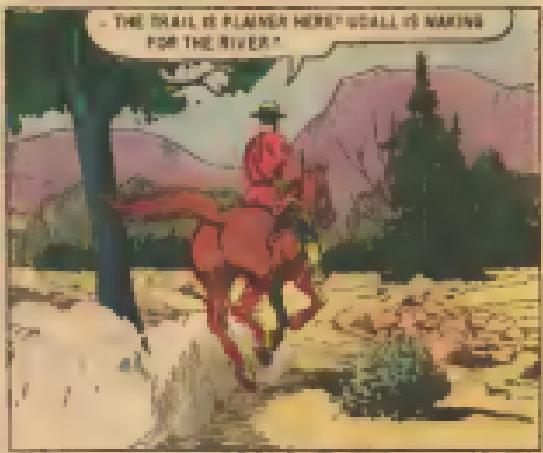
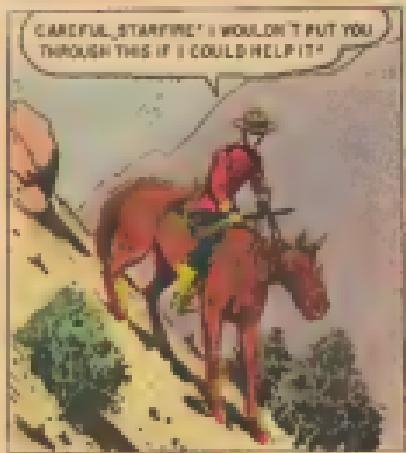
THANKS!
COMING NOW --



WELL -- WHAT
A DROP!









A PANICKED YELL IS WROG FROM GALL AS HE FEELS
HIMSELF FALLING, STILL CLUTCHING KING.





"THE NIGHT STEALERS"

...were they men or animals?



Find out in the newest issue of



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ESKIMO WAYS THE SLED DOG



THE ESKIMO SLED DOG IS WELL ADAPTED TO HIS
SAVAGE, FROZEN WORLD. HE IS TOUGH AND SPLEENY,
AND A WILLING WORKER.

HE DOES VERY WELL IF FEED A DIET OF FROZEN
FISH, OR SEAL MEAT TWO OR THREE TIMES A WEEK
AND HE BOLTS IT ALMOST WHOLE.



HE IS READY TO FIGHT AT THE DROP OF A TAIL, AND
HE REALLY MEANS BUSINESS! HIS OWNER MUST
STOP A FIGHT QUICKLY!

WHEN A POLAR BEAR IS SCENTED OR SIGHTED,
NOTHING CAN HOLD THE ESKIMO DOG BACK! HE
LOSES ALL CRUTION, AND ATTACKS!



ONLY BY QUICKLY KILLING THE BEAR, CAN THE HUNTER SAVE HIS DOG TEAM WHICH
WOULD OTHERWISE FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

THE ESKIMO'S KAYAK



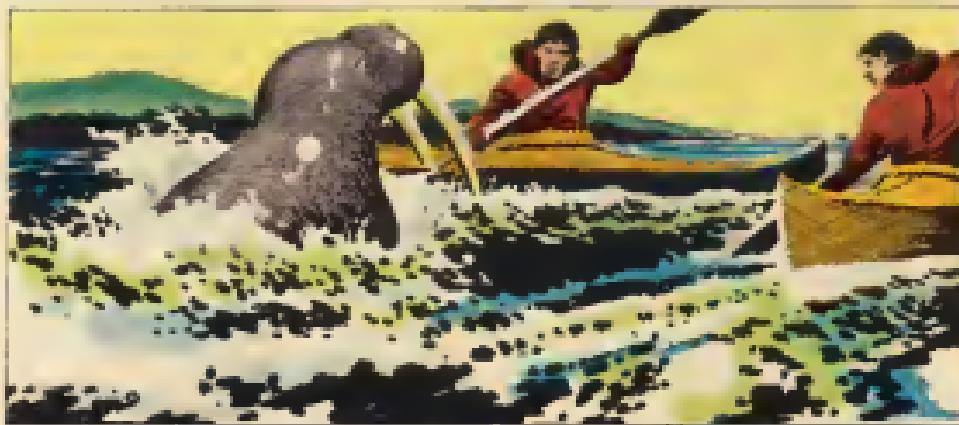
THERE ARE STILL ESKIMOS WHO DARE TO HUNT THE WALRUS IN THE OLD-FASHIONED MANNER WITH A HARPOON THROWN FROM A SEALSKIN-COVERED CANOE OR KAYAK. THIS METHOD GIVES THE FIERCE BULL WALRUS ALMOST EQUAL CHANCE.



HE IS A POWERFUL SWIMMER, AND FIGHTS FAST.
IN HIS FIGHTING RAGE HE LOSES ALL FEAR,
AT TACKING AGAIN AND AGAIN.



IF THE GREAT TUSKS OF THE WALRUS PIERCE THE ESKIMO'S KAYAK, THE MAN IS LIKELY TO GO DOWN WITH HIS LITTLE CRAFT INTO THE SEA.



BUT THE ESKIMO AND HIS KAYAK SEEM TO BE ABLE TO DODGE ALMOST AS SWIFTLY AS A SEAL. THE ESKIMO CAN TURN HIMSELF AND HIS KAYAK OVER AND OVER IN THE WATER, WITHOUT LETTING IN A DROP.